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OUR FIRST LADY MISSIONARY.

MISS Margaret A. Beveridge was given by her mother on her death bed to a dear friend, a young lady, Miss Margaret Hutton, of Putnam, N. Y. She was cared for by Miss Hutton and an older sister until Miss Hutton married Rev. David Gordon. With them she then made her home in East Salem, N. Y., where he was settled. As she became advanced in her studies she entered the class with the young men who were studying for the ministry with Mr. Gordon, and in Latin, Greek and Hebrew she passed a far more creditable examination than her classmates. To her training at this time is no doubt due, in a measure, her great familiarity with the Bible, being able after life to locate any passage of Scripture mentioned. When Rev. and Mrs. Gordon were sent as missionaries to Trinidad in 1843, Miss Margaret accompanied them and taught in the mission school. She was then eighteen years old.

It was interesting to listen to her intelligent description of the peculiarities and beauties of that tropical island, and of their daily life in that strange land, their lives never free from danger from poisonous reptiles and insects. It stirred the heart as she told of the great ignorance and superstition of the natives and of their efforts to lead them out of their degradation into the light of knowledge and the Saviour's love. There was always a tone of joy as she mentioned the progress of her scholars and their love for their "masters", as they called the missionaries. During the rainy season of 1844 Mr. Gordon was worn out with active missionary labors, and being out in a heavy rain a long time, fell an easy prey to yellow fever. It was a dark night and two miles to the nearest house, but medical aid must be had for that disease early, or there is no hope; so Miss Margaret ran two miles over a dark and lonely road to get a man to go for a doctor, but he was too late to give assistance, and December 30, 1844, two lonely women in that foreign country laid him away to rest.

One of the incidents of missionary life: Mrs. Gordon and Miss Margaret were both attacked with yellow fever, and I have in possession the doctor's bill for attendance at that time, which from December 28, 1844, to February 8, 1845, amounted to $284.75. In the trembling hand of Mrs. Gordon is written on the back of the bill, "May 2nd, paid $167." It is too late to question who was gener-

ous, the doctor or the church at home; but it tells its own story of financial distress.

After the return of Mrs. Gordon and Miss Beveridge from Trinidad, they lived in the town of Putnam, N. Y., till Mrs. Gordon's death. Miss Beveridge then attended the Normal School at Albany, N. Y., and afterward engaged in teaching in the town of Hebron, N. Y., till her marriage with William Reid, of West Hebron, N. Y., who is an elder in the United Presbyterian church of West Hebron, and she as an elder's wife was engaged in every good work. She took the lead in the organization of a Sabbath-school in the West Hebron congregation, and though it is fifteen years since with sad hearts we laid her to rest, the poor still tell of "the coats and garments that she made" that they might attend church and Sabbath-school.

When the mite society of the congregation was re-organized under the name of the Women's Missionary Society, Mrs. Margaret A. Beveridge Reid was the first president. As was natural, after her experience, the cause of missions was dear to her heart, and the last money she gave before her death was to help build a mission church. One of her rules of living was, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," and her home was known to old and young as "the resting place."

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Mrs. Margaret Beveridge Reid was born in the town of Putnam, Washington Co., N. Y. She was the youngest of three daughters of Thomas Beveridge, second son of Andrew Beveridge. Her mother died when Margaret was an infant and she was given to her mother's cousin, Margaret Hutton, who gave her a tender love and careful training. Margaret Hutton married Rev. David Gordon, who was settled at East Salem, N. Y. Here Miss Beveridge passed her childhood. Her cousin, John L. Beveridge, ex-governor of Illinois, now of Colegrove, Cal., says: "She was fair to look upon, a most charming girl, and must have been well reared, for Rev. Gordon was a most lovable and companionable man." She was most carefully educated by her foster father.

In company with Rev. Gordon and wife and Rev. Joseph Banks, Miss Beveridge left Philadelphia, July 14, 1843, to sail for the island of Trinidad. They reached their field of labor August 5. They were introduced to the governor of the island, who assured them of his readiness to aid them in any way in his power. While the men explored the island, the ladies resided in the house of Rev. Mr. Kennedy. They saw every where evidences of moral degradation. At this time Miss B. seemed doomed to an early death from consumption, but, the journey to Trinidad and residence in its tropical climate removed the symptoms and she fully recovered. Six months after their arrival, Dr. Gordon wrote: "Each of us, including Miss Beveridge, has two schools on different estates, from one to two miles distant from our own house. To each of these we walk two or three times a week."

In the fall of 1844, Mr. Gordon had charge of the station at Savannah Grande, and was assisted by his wife and Miss Beveridge in the management of the school. December of the same year Rev. Gordon died after a few days sickness. Mr Kerr and wife went to aid the mission, but Mr. Kerr died in a very short time. Afterwards each of the three ladies had violent attacks of sickness, but were restored. The loss of Mr. Gordon and Mr. Kerr caused the return of the ladies a few months later. Thus Miss Beveridge's work as a missionary was necessarily brief, but very

efficient.

Rev. Banks in his report says: "Every individual sent out to the mission in whatever capacity should be well skilled and properly qualified as a Sabbath-school teacher. Upon this subject we can now speak more understandingly since experiencing the benefit of the schools taught by Miss Beveridge. Her valuable services, particularly her ability and diligence as an instructor, claim *unqualified* approbation."

For some years after her return, she lived with her foster mother in their home in Putnam. After Mrs. Gordon's death, Miss B. moved to Hebron, N. Y., where she found a pleasant home with the family of her uncle, Alexander Beveridge, until she became the wife of Mr. Wm. Reid. As a house-keeper, she was noted for her hospitality, her benevolence, and her motherly kindness. Her death occurred March 26, 1882.

MRS. KATE VAN EATON CECIL.

Springfield, O.

REMINISCENCES.

Deep interest has long been taken in missions by the inhabitants of the locality where Mrs. Reid had her birth. This will be perceived when we remember those who have gone from that region as missionaries. Helen Dunlap, daughter of a farmer near Lake Cossayuna, became the wife of Dr. Culbertson, and in far away China the two labored for many years. They were among the first to carry the Gospel to that walled-in country. After the death of Dr. Culbertson, the wife returned to America, and by her work in hospitals, earned the title of the "Florence Nightingale of Brooklyn."

Argyle has the honor of having sent three: RevJohn Crawford D. D. and his wife, Mrs. Mary B. Crawford, who after nearly forty years of efficient service in Damascus, Syria, are still toiling there with unabated zeal. The other is Miss Mary Frazier, whom the ladies of the Argyle churches joined in supporting before the formation of the Women's Board. She would still be teaching in one of the schools in Egypt, except that her health has failed.

And this fall there goes forth to Egypt a son of the Coila church—Rev. James G. Hunt, his whole soul burning with desire to obey the Heavenly call. There may be others whose minds are turned that way. We know there was one who lifted up his eyes on the fields white unto the harvest, first in Japan, then in Burmah, but the "Spirit suffered him not" to go there and reap.

MISS FANNIE WILLIAMS.

OUR PRECIOUS DEAD.

"A cloud of witnesses" above, encompass,
We love to think of all they see and know,
But what of this great multitude in peril
Who sadly wait below?

Who are they and where have we laid them to rest? Some of them have been devoted missionaries of the cross in other lands. Quite a number of these, most of them married ladies, have been called home one by one, and the mortal part has been buried in the different foreign fields, wherever the Master found them. Some of them the writer knew personally and loved them as dear sisters. It is of these that we will speak, for we are glad to re-call the happy hours that we have spent in their company.

In China we have the grave of Mrs. Amanda Biggs Nevin. Some of us still remember her sweet spiritual-like face. Whenever she read an essay in society, or in Westminster Hall, every sentence breathed forth the true missionary spirit.

At this time the spirit of missions was only kindling in our denomination. In after years when we heard that she had been appointed a missionary, none of us who had been her Sabbath-school scholars were at all surprised at the announcement. She had the spirit of a missionary at home whenever an opportunity presented itself and left a lasting impression for good on others. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." What a beautiful inscription this was to write on her tombstone. We shall ever cherish the memory of this sweet friend of our early girlhood days.

Mrs. Maud Scott came to our mission in India in the winter of 1874. How well do I remember what a rejoicing there was among our depleted number when we heard that Mr. and Mrs. Scott were nearing Gujranwala, bringing back Auntie Gordon with them! Mr. and Mrs. Barr had gone for their first vacation to America, and when they were away Mrs. Martin and myself were the only married women left in the mission, and we were over thirty miles distant from each other, with no railroad to connect our stations. Do you wonder that we were sometimes lonely and that our hearts were filled with joy that we were to have a new sister for a companion? We were not long in making the discovery that we had a very gentle and unselfish disposition in Mrs. Scott. Just now I recall a short conversation that we had together one day when we were in "Sunny Side" cottage. We were talking on the subject of "giving" to the Lord's cause. There was a famine in the country at the time, as there is now in India, and there were many demands made on our purses to help feed the poor starving creatures who were all about us. We were also talking of our duty to God's poor. I do not remember how we settled the question in regard to these, but I do remember how noble our sister missionary's character stood out when she said, in her animated way, "I think that it is simply impossible for any one of us to give too much to the Lord's work."

Not many years after this conversation, death entered our ranks, and she was the first one of our missionaries to die in India. In the beautiful terraced cemetery at Murree Hill station, far away from all noise and bustle, almost hidden by English rose vines and flowers, is her resting place. There are other American missionaries buried in that large city of the dead. Near by is the grave of "Father" Newton (as we younger missionaries liked to call him, because he was like a "father" to us in that distant country). They shall all rise together when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall rise first.

It is said that as we grow older the years seem to pass much more rapidly. When we look back, it seems hard to realize that it is ten years this month since the remains of Mrs. Martin were brought over those long village roads in the night time. She died away out in the district, and those of us who could not go out there, could not even have the sad satisfaction of looking on the features of our dead.

However, the next day after her death most all of the missionaries and a large number of the native Christians wended their way across the compound to the small inclosed mission burial ground, and there we saw her coffin lowered into its last resting place. It was only the casket that had contained the jewel.

Such lives do not die. She lives on in the lives of her children. Her influence is still felt in the lives of her darker skinned sisters. Early in the

morning and late at night she taught them of that love and grace of our Lord, who although He was rich yet for our sakes became poor. What more fitting epitaph to write on the marble slab erected by her husband: "Saved by grace."

Nearly three years ago, other graves were made near that of Mrs. Martin, and in this quiet little spot are the resting places of Mrs. Porter and her two children. This young sister had just entered upon her mission life when God called her to a higher service. She had tasted of the sweet in life, and in those short two years she had also had experience of the bitter in that her dear babes were taken away; and also the sad, sad news that so often came to us over the seas: "A mother has gone home and will not be here to meet you when you come."

As our train slowly moves into the station at Gujranwala, we look out of the window to inquire (with our eyes,) what is to be seen in the surroundings of this large Hindoo city, with the spires of its temples which plainly indicate the religion of its inhabitants? (I feel as if I were coming home now). On one side of the city and near the railway, our attention will be attracted to a very neat vine covered brick (the cross from the roof tells us) English church. In front of this church is a pretty flower garden with its well-kept carriage drives, and adjoining this, and only separated from it by a low brick wall, is the rather small English cemetery. In spring and winter months, it is a lovely spot. Passing through the opening in this low wall we come at once to the grave of our beloved Piyari and to that of her little boy, "McKee Das", whose dust has been resting here now for over twenty-four years. Here too beside them we find our own small grave under the shelter of the jasamine shrub. We stop and read over again that most beautiful verse commencing "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and then move on to the other side of the lot where we find the grave of Mrs. Edna Patton Morrison and that of their little son "Marion."

MRS. EDNA PATTON MORRISON'S GRAVE.

I left her a young, happy bride, hopeful and eager to get the language that she might help her India sisters to the way of finding the better life. On our return to the country again, we found only this beautiful marble scroll setting forth the many good traits that she had possessed in the different positions that she had filled. As daughter, wife and mother; as a missionary's wife, Mrs. Morrison was a success. She had won the hearts of the people. They had confidence in her and loved her, and this being the case she would have had almost unlimited power over them for good. Nearly two years after her death her native nurse said to me, with tears in her eyes, "Memsahib never spoke one unkind

word to me."

There were quite a number of the readers of the Magazine among the large company who stood on the docks and waved their handkerchiefs as the steamer "British Princess" moved out into the water on the morning of October 7, 1891. Perhaps some of you remember Mrs. Jean Given Anderson's tall and rather commanding presence as she stood upon the deck among the party of missionaries which you were sending out. There was a far away look often noticed in her soft black eyes. I have sometimes wondered since her death, if the thought did not sometimes come into her mind that her life might be a short one; hence her energy in her studies, and always a readiness to do good and be helpful to others. Yes, I think this short sweet life, she was only in our mission field about ten months, and her triumphant death, were the means of turning the current of thought and bringing more contentment and happiness into the lives of many over whom she had the power of influence. Away up among the Himalayah mountains, amidst the grandest scenery that we have ever seen in any country, guarded by those tall peaks that look like strong sentinels of ever lasting snow, you will find nestled among the rocks and rivulets a beautiful cemetery, the loveliest spot (made so both by natural scenery and the care of the gardener) that our eyes have ever seen. Here you will find flowers that loving hands have planted growing and blossoming the entire year. Away from the heat of the plains there are no scorching winds to cook, or dry away, the plants on the grave of our sweet friend and sister, "Jennie."

MRS. JENNIE ANDERSON'S GRAVE.

When we went out to India the first time and stopped with our missionaries in Egypt for a few days, we still remember what an inspiration it was to talk with such a woman as Mrs. Sarah B. Lansing. She now, along with quite a number of our missionaries in the field, is with Our Precious Dead. We are sorry that we cannot think of their graves as being sodded with grass and made beautiful with living plants, for our remembrance of the graves that we saw in that land is that they looked like mounds of sand. However this matters little.

She had the desire of her heart. She died, as she expressed it herself, "in the harness," and was buried among the people that she dearly loved, and for whom she had given a life of unselfish service.

When the December number of our

Magazine was received and I began to turn the pages, we were pleased to find that the editors had kindly furnished us with such a good likeness of the late Mrs. David Strang. It is twenty-six years next month since we had a ride out to "Ramleh" in company with Mr. and Mrs. Strang, and although I have not seen this friend, or even her picture, in all these years, yet I have not forgotten the habitual pleasant expression that you see on her face in this likeness. Mrs. Strang and the writer were born and reared in the same community. In after years we attended the same school, and during our war I knew something of her trials, when her husband was in the hospital and she not able to go to him. Yes, it was her brave heart and a firm trust in God that sustained and even made her cheerful in those trying times. The author of "In Memoriam" has given us a very beautiful and concise sketch of her life. Any farther words of ours would be superfluous.

During last year many prominent workers were called to their rest and reward. Their graves are dotted here and there over the homeland. They are "ours," in that we were members of the same church and that we were working together for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. Whatever was beautiful in their characters was due largely to divine grace. Let us ever cherish their memories, and imitate them in trying to "help some one."

MRS. MARGARET D. MCKEE.

FROM WITHIN ONE HEART.

"DO I find my work interesting? Do I have experiences? Will I tell you one?"

I often wonder if you who know nothing personally of mission work in Utah ever dream, as you sit buried in the leaves of some fashionable novel, that we who are on the field read stories far more thrilling, since they are written on hearts—not paper; hear tales from lips that quiver with the telling. You girls who love to become "deeply interested," "lost to the world" in popular fiction, did you look for it, could find in real life tragedies that would thrill and fascinate as can never printed page of the most gifted author. I try to forget them. It hurts so to bear in your own heart these deep wounds of others; but some I cannot forget. One in particular comes to me now which I think you will consider an "experience."

You know we do things in a very primitive way out there in our mission work. I was the only teacher at our station, and had to serve as janitor as well, in the little log house in which we held our school. As I closed the door on my labors one evening after what had seemed to me a particularly trying and unprofitable day, one of my little scholars slipped her hand into mine, begging me to come with her—her mother was very sick and had asked for me. I went gladly—it seemed so good to be wanted. We make the most of these openings, for it is often as hard to get into houses in Utah as it is in China. Mollie, a winsome little maiden of perhaps eight summers, trudged along beside me, her brown eyes overflowing with tears as she told me how sick poor mother was, how long she had been in bed, how thin her poor hands were, and all the items of illness which had evidently been closely observed by this small woman.

When we reached the little, dingy

home in the outskirts of M——I was met at the door by an old woman, bent with years and very feeble, who pointed me on to a room in the rear with a sad shake of her head. "What is the matter?" I asked. "She is dyin'—yes, dyin'." "Has she been ill long?" "I don't call it ill, ma'am, not rightly ill; she's jest dyin' of a broken heart and plural marriage," and with another sad shake of the head the poor woman hobbled away, while I stepped into the other room. There, on a wretched bed, lay a poor, sick creature whose black eyes gazed out at me from her pallid face with the piteous look of some wounded animal. Wistful, sad, heartbroken, their owner lay dying indeed, as the old woman had said, of a broken heart and plural marriage. Let me tell you the story I learned from the poor lips, only a few words at a time, gasped out as she found breath. I can make it plainer to you than it was to me then, for later I learned much from the old woman.

"And so you have come, ma'am. Mollie said you would. You would have been glad to come before? Yes, ma'am, Mollie said that, too, but——but——I couldn't see you then. I didn't want you, ma'am, until I knew the end had come—the end of everything for me. Not yet, you hope? Oh, yes, ma'am. Not long now to the end. But don't think I'm grievin', ma'am—only jest for the little Mollie—I'd be glad to go but for the little one—and perhaps if you'll listen to me, ma'am, it'il be best for her, too. Let me tell you what has been in my heart and kept there all these years—for I couldn't tell it before. Perhaps I may tell you; it takes me so long, but, oh! be patient; let me tell at last my story, and ease my heart.

"Don't think, ma'am, I was always like this. Years ago, ages ago, it seems, I was a red-cheeked English lassie, as pure in thought as you are yourself, ma'am; and, indeed, I tried to be good. Mother always said I was her comfort. Thank God that He took her before she saw me come to this; that, at least, I can be thankful for—little else. Oh, ma'am, you ought to thank God every day of your life that your religion can never make the shameful thing of you that I am. This is my load. I am dyin', ma'am. Only a few days more and I shall be out of a world where for years I have crept along, hidin' my face lest some who looked might see my shame. For you know, ma'am, it could never seem like marriage to me. It will soon be over now. What a beautiful place Heaven must be—you know, ma'am, they don't marry there.

"Did I tell you that I was once young and pure and fresh as yourself? Just mother and I in dear old England. We were so poor! Father was gone. And then, one day, a man came from far away and told us of America—how easy it was to live there—homes for everybody, plenty to eat and wear, people so kind that they had sent him after all the poor and discouraged—they had homes just waitin' for them; they wanted women especially, as they did not have many to do the work in the new country. It seemed so good! Mother and I had naught to keep us; others besides us were going, men and women, too, my own aunt and her husband; so we came away. I can see it all now; the neighbors coming to help us off with little gifts and hearty good-byes. The dear old home—poor, ma'am, but *honest*, not stained; the old mooley cow in the sweet meadow grass, browsing along home that night, her tinkling bell seeming, in the dewy twilight, to say to me 'good-bye! good-bye!' and it was good-bye, had I only known it; good-bye to all that made life dear, youth, happiness,

honor.

"Mother died on the way over—it was so hard then—such an awful grief that I knew nothing worse could ever be. Yet in six months I rejoiced that she had left me.

"How big and rich your country looked to me, little lass that I was, barely sixteen, ma'am. First we reached New York, then traveled by train for days and days and days. How glad I was when at last they said we were nearly home. Did they call it home?—They ought to have said 'hell'

"Aunt and I were soon busy settling down in the new place, which was a little farm out from Salt Lake City. Uncle went often to the city, while aunt and I kept pretty close at home. Sometimes an elder came to teach us our new faith—not a hard one to believe, ma'am, for you see we thought if their religion had taught them to send way off for us, and bring us to that beautiful country and give us such a start in life, it must be from God.

"The first cloud was when uncle began to change so—stayed away so much. But he said the new faith made him give much of his time to other things; so we managed along without him. But then he grew so surly; he had always been kind, and poor aunt hardly knew how to bear it. Poor soul! there was more to come. Uncle stayed away more and more. When he came he often brought an elder with him, who talked long with him after we had gone to bed—an ugly old man I thought him, Elder Graves.

"When the winter was well over and a beautiful spring had come, uncle took me to town one day, to a large house where were six elders, among them Elder Graves. I was almost afraid; they seemed so solemn, and I did not know why they wanted me until Elder Graves said that they had had a revelation that I must be sealed to him—married to him: 'But,' I said, 'I don't want to marry you! I don't like you! You are too old and I am so young. I'd rather stay with aunt.'

"Uncle sided with the elders, gruffly telling me to stop my nonsense and listen to the revelation of the authorities or it would be worse for me. When aunt joined her voice and said she was afraid for me longer to say no, I gave up. Why ma'am, I was only a child. I remember well that aunt and I had to let down my dresses that very spring, but in a week from that time I was taken to the Endowment House and married to Elder Graves.

"Well, young hearts soon rebound. I was a child, he was kind. He bought me pretty clothes, saying such a color and figure deserved setting off. In a few weeks we started for our home in the country.

"You have been in Salt Lake, ma'am. You know the little road that winds out by Fort Douglass. It was a pretty road that morning, I can hear now the water rippling through the streets of the city, and Elder Graves said just such a stream flowed through the meadow of my new home, where a mooley cow was waiting for me to milk her. I remember turning round to look back at the great dome in the distance, as we rode away, and the temple which was building near by; at the long lines of trees in the city; at the sweet fields around us, along the streams, while over all hung the guns of Fort Douglass beyond. It was beautiful to me. It had begun to seem very sweet to be going to my own home, a little cottage in the trees, he said. After a ride of many miles he pointed out to me the little houses which nestled at the foot of the blue distant mountains, and among them my home.

"'Do others live here? other families?

Do you rent to them?' I asked.

"'Well not exactly—hum. You've a heap to learn, Sallie, and I'm afraid you're one to take it hard—most of the new ones do. But you'll settle down to it after awhile. They all do. Now, here we are; jump down.' Several women and children had swarmed about us as we stopped. 'Now this is wife Elizabeth, this is wife Caroline, this is wife Mona.'

"'But whose wife, Elder?'

"'Why, mine, Sallie.'

"'What do you mean? Am I not your wife?"

"'Yes, but so are the rest of them. You see you hadn't happened to hear that plural marriage was part of the faith—delivered to our blessed prophet. We all have as many wives as we can take care of.'

"'But you can't have me, if you have others; it isn't decent. I won't stay, take me back at once. What do you mean?'

"Only mocking laughter greeted my cries as he slowly unharnessed the horses. 'Well, now, Sallie, it's a long way back—too fur to walk; all the houses we have passed have plural wives just like you. There ain't no help and no way out. Have your little fling. You're prettier than ever when you're mad. You ain't well grounded in the faith yet.'

"'Take me back to my uncle, you wicked man, I won't stay here.'

"'Your uncle, you fool, has sealed three wives since he came, and had a powerful revelation about you, but I got ahead of him. Men learn the new religion quicker than women.'

"Oh, ma'am! think of me—young, helpless, penniless, thousands of miles from home—none such as you to call on—knowing already that a little one would some day share my shame."

Here, overcome by grief and tears, the poor soul sank back exhausted. Only the sweet words of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" could calm her distress, and when she slept I slipped away, promising to return and spend the night.

When I came again to the little home she was still asleep, but the old woman was glad to join my vigil, and from her I learned much. She was the aunt of whom the poor girl had told me—with troubles enough of her own to bear. She had found, not long after her neice had left her, that her husband had other younger wives, and had left him—fortunately having enough to buy a poor little home. Being old and feeble, she had not herself been troubled with revelations or Elders, but had lived out her hard life, cursing the plural marriage which had caused all her trouble.

At the time when our National Government passed the law prohibiting polygamy, many besides her neice were turned out of their homes in seeming obedience to the new law. Footsore, and even then ill of the malady which was soon to conquer her, the neice had arrived at her humble door with a little child—had never seemed until lately to be just right in her head—had talked much of a cruel man who had abused her and laughed at her grief—had said that she had run away, and had hated her so that he would not come after her, now that she was broken down and miserable. They had lived as best they could with the little work they could get to help them.

The invalid wakened after midnight and smiled sadly at me. "Oh! ma'am, here yet? I didn't tell you all ma'am. I can't go till I do. Oh! ma'am, I did jest as he said I would. I settled down—but it was only that I had no strength to go on. The heart within me fought just as hard as ever. I was put to work by wife Caroline—she was deep in the

faith, and thought that she and all of us were only fulfilling our destinies when we were sealed to Elder Graves. You can imagine that it was hard to live there where everyone quarrelled so—bickerings all the time among the wives as well as the children. You know, ma'am, it couldn't be otherwise. While woman has woman's heart, to share her husband with others is to nurse jealousy and hatred. That never hurt me. I couldn't love the brute who had ruined me body and soul and who, because I was younger, and perhaps prettier than the old wives, seemed to delight in tormenting them through me—and I had to pay or it. They'll tell you that plural wives live in harmony and peace, but, ma'am, how could they? Well, by and by, I became outwardly like Caroline and Elizabeth and Mona. Maybe, when one is trained to the faith from childhood, it becomes easier. But it never grew easy for me—and when my first baby came, oh, the shame of it!—the bitter shame! I was glad when it died—it was a girl, ma'am, and I was glad to put it where it could never know what I knew—feel what I felt. I think Elder Graves tried to be kind at first, but I hated him so that I finally wore out his patience. I faded so, too, all my pretty color gone. Blows and curses were added to my lot. You see, ma'am, it was almost more than woman's heart could bear, and I wore away so.

"And now, oh! ma'am, I come to the end of my story. I lie here thinking of my girl-life in England, and I look at little Mollie. Oh! ma'am, will you save her for me? Don't let her know what I am! Don't let her be what I have been! You hardly dare promise? You are not yourself able? Oh! ma'am, you can, you must. I can't die and leave her to such a life as mine. I couldn't rest in my grave if I knew she was what I had been. Oh! ma'am, now that you know, you must say yes. There are so many rich in your great country, some one will take her. Your song says 'the land of the free'—but she can't be free here—I wasn't free; I was the worst sort of a slave; there are none lower than I. Don't let Molly be like me! Save her from plural marriage."

What could I say? Only my promise could quiet the poor soul, already showing signs of the end for which she longed. She lingered for several days. When I could I was with her, and her eyes followed me always—her lips whispered until the last, "Remember Mollie." She smiled sweetly when the verses and songs she loved lulled her to sleep and always said, "Mollie too, she will be there. You'll save her." Sometimes the thought of others would disturb her peace. "So many little girls, but one is safe. You promised—tell others." After one very restless night when the gray dawn was slipping down the mountains she passed away, and it came about that her last words were "Tell others." Perhaps He meant it to be thus. So when I have a chance, as now, to tell this heart story, I gladly do so, handing on to others the legacy which I had from those dying lips:

"Mollie is safe—but there are others."

—*B. M. Bush, in Home Misson Monthly.*

IS OUR CHURCH BEING BLESSED IN MISSIONARY WORK?

MARY B. McCAW, New Brighton, Pa.

SOME writer has said that the nineteenth century will seem to those coming after us an amusing century, and nothing will amuse posterity more than an absurd conceit that we are doing great things for the world.

This is rather a severe criticism on our age, but let such prophetic statements be applied to the large class of society to which it may belong—the ambitious politicians, those who take pride in their own goodness as examples to their fellowmen, our literary characters, and those of inventive genius; but we stand in defense of the true church and predict for those whom God has set apart to be "Light Bearers" for Him, in this most aggressive century for Christ, that their names shall shine in history like resplendent jewels amid gems of a duller hue.

Emerson asks, "Has a man gained anything who has recieved a hundred favors and rendered none?" He also says, "Beware of too much good staying in your hand." So we corroborate this statement, "The more distinctly missionary a church is, the more the Lord will prosper it."

Our church is young in years, but it had a good ancestry. Born in the midst of a revival, the Spirit descended upon it for service. "To know Christ, to serve Him and to enjoy Him" is the precept taught. We believe that "the saved must become savers," if they would enjoy their own salvation, and ever since our first missionaries took up the call, there has been a steady march onward in response to the command, "Go ye," and the encouragement has been in keeping with the promise in Paul's exhortation to the Galatians: "In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Our missionaries to India labored for three years before they gathered any harvest, but the work has gone on steadily since. Missionaries have been sent out each year, until now we support thirty-five American missionaries, besides many native workers. Of the more than 5,000,000 people in India committed to the care of our church, 564 were last year received into our churches, of which there are fourteen organized and about sixty unorganized, the number of the baptized membership being about seven thousand, with one hundred and twenty-five Sabbath-schools, claiming three thousand scholars. The Training Institute at Sialkote is doing good work. A thorough course in Bible study is given, as the following question asked at a recent examination of students will show: "If Romans was the only book of the Bible that you had, what could you tell about Christ?"

The field here is large for women workers, there being forty million women in the country of India shut up in zenanas. So is it over zealous to say with a writer in our magazines, "That from the time a woman unites with the church, she should become an element in missionary work." A compliment paid women's work by a native Hindu was, that "if these women get at the hearts of our women they will soon reach the heads of our men." So the women are embracing their opportunities. The work undertaken there distinctly by the women of our church is the support of the medical department, there being two dispensaries and two hospitals. Through these means, 23500 persons have in one year been brought under the influence of the gospel. In a revival, commencing at Sialkote, and lately at Rawal Pindi, numbers confessed Christ in the most earnest, humble manner, and in every way gave evidence of true converson. We see the results have been encouraging, yet the work is limited while the needs are great; and one who knows, in writing of the present "crisis", says: "If India does not become Christian, she will sink from heathenism into the deeper hell of infidelity."

"The crisis presses us on, face to face with *us* it

stands;
With solemn lips of question," India begs with outstretched hands,
Oh! Child of God whilst you deplore our heathenism dark,
Be warned of this we're floating tow'rd infidelity's wild barque,
And your triumph will be joyous, if you will at any cost,
Turn the tidal wave of danger, that we may be saved, not lost.

Egypt is no longer the darkest spot on the earth, but is a very bee-hive of Christian activity. It being exclusively a United Presbyterian field, we are especially interested in the results there which are becoming reflexive. We have forty two American missionaries in Egypt, but many of the converts have become valuable helpers through the agency of our educational schools and Theological seminary accompanied by the work of the Holy Spirit. The increase in the membership of the church there, during the past year, was five hundred and fifty. In the two fields, India and Egypt there was a net gain of eight hundred members. which was nearly one-third of the net gain in the membership of our entire church. In accomplishing this result, only a little over $100,000 was expended for the support of the work. For the work at home there was expended, the same year, about $1,250,000. So we observe the results are much greater accordingly, but the conditions are different, and this brings us to notice the various departments of our home mission work.

We agree with the one who said: "Very much has been done to civilize man in his outward surroundings, now we should follow it up by a crusade to civilize him inwardly"; and for this, all the departments of home missions, with an increase of force, and perhaps a larger baptism for service on the part of the workers, is needed.

We have noted the amount expended in home mission work, but when we see what depends upon it, we conclude that economy is a characteristic of the managers. Of our nine hundred congregations more than one-half of them have been aided by the Home Mission Board. Of our eleven synods, six owe their existence to the Home Mission Board, and the same may be said of our presbyteries. Some thirty important cities, in which we have churches, would probably have no United Presbyterian church yet were it not for the influence of our Home Board.

The work in the South among the Freedmen brings uplifting results and such may be said of the efforts among the Indians in the Northwest. Letters bearing cheering statements of the rewards in the fields recently occupied in the West come to our notice often. From the East come communications to our papers, claiming great spiritual revenues from a larger occupation. One of the pastors there said: "All the money of the Board of Home missions could find great opportunity in New England. All the means of the Board of Church Extension could hardly build churches sufficently fast to occupy the places that would yield great returns.',

The growth of our cities, and the constant flow into them of foreign population, have caused the appointment of special workers in many of them. There is labor in such work, but there is sweetness in it also, which comes in the assurance that it is a part of the Lord's vineyard, and He is blessing the efforts.

Although our church is holding her own, yet the funds are not quite sufficient to meet present demands. I saw an illustration in a story that is real in the lives of some of our home missionaries. A family of three, because of tardiness in a payment from the church Board, had reached very embarassing financial circumstances, when finally to

their joy and satisfaction, the payment came. The prayer of little Willie showed trust in God, as well as faith in the Board: "Please, Jesus, send the Board men *lots* of money so that they can give it to all the papas and mammas, and they will not have to wait so long for the money to come."

Having considered some of our advantages and encouragements in mission work, I do not hesitate to say that our church is not a unit on the importance of missions. I think we still have a few of the anti-mission Christians, a few more of the omission Christians, but I am glad to say, a greater number of the best class, the mission Christians.

Our General Assembly was very considerate in fixing our quota; yet it seems a great task to approach it even, for very few congregations come up to it. We may not like the ring of this statement, but it is asserted that our church gives an average of one-fifth of a cent a day per member for the cause of foreign missions. What child would be satisfied with one-fifth of a stick of candy? Compare our giving with that of our people in the mission field of Egypt. In 1881, the members of our churches there, and poor people too, gave an average of seventeen dollars or over 4½ cents a day. Statistics show that, later than that, we gave annually 56 cents each to home missions and 33 cents each to foreign missions.

We have not yet met the conditions for an outpouring of blessing, but we are improving. Dr. Barr, secretary of our Foreign Board, said: "The church is not fulfilling her commission, but she is coming up to it, and that largely, through the Young People's movement." I add to his statement, that the Junior organizations are pushing the Senior societies on. Our Junior missionary society contributed, in one year, over four thousand dollars, and who can estimate the results from the training they are now receiving for our church in the future?

Although I have endeavored to show that we are being blessed according to our efforts, I do not contradict myself when I affirm—we are not being blessed in the measure that we might be. I am ashamed to put alongside Gladstone's remark in eulogizing our land, "You have a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man," this true statement: "For every dollar expended by our country for missions it squanders $225,00 for liquor and tobacco." Is our church doing all it can to invert this order of things?

As individuals are we living epistles for the truth, earnestly contending for the faith? If our church members were more anxious to please the Master, who is just as willing to say of His disciples now as he did of Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile,' and if we would all realize that there is just the same chance to be as Stephen was, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," not only would we be *blessed*, but what blessings would be withheld. We could then claim the one of which Solomon speaks: "The blessing of our Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

"God has His best things for the few
That dare to stand the test;
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best.

It is not always open ill
That risks the Promised Rest;
The better, often, is the foe
That keeps us from the best.

There's scarcely one, but vaguely wants
In some way to be blessed.
'Tis not Thy blessing, Lord I seek
I want Thy very best.

And others make the highest choice,
But when by trials pressed,
They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross,
And so they lose the best.

I want, in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed
Of service true for God and man;
Help me to be my best.

I want among the victor throng
To have my name confessed,
And hear my Master say at last,
Well done; you did your best."

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

R. L. DEAN.

THE Volunteer Movement is an organic department of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Inter-collegiate Young Women's Christian Association, the Inter-seminary Alliance and the Canadian Inter-collegiate Missionary Alliance. It had its inception at Mt. Hermon Mass., in 1886, where a conference of college men was called by invitation of Mr. Moody for Bible study. The spirit of missions pervaded this assembly in an unusual degree. One of the notable addresses was by Dr. Wm. Ashmore, who had just returned from China, and had cancelled a week's engagements to address the conference. The burden of his addresses was "to look no longer upon missions as mere wrecking expeditions, but a war of conquest." The aim of the Movement may be summarized thus:

1. To lead students to a thorough consideration of the claims of foreign missions.

2. To guide and stimulate such students in their missionary study and work until they pass under the supervision of missionary boards.

3. To unite all the volunteers.

4. To secure volunteers having the right qualifications to meet the demands of the various mission boards.

5. To agitate the necessity of evangelizing the world in the present generation and to enlist workers for this end

6. To create and maintain an intelligent, sympathetic and active interest in foreign missions among students who are to remain in the home field.

Considered negatively, the Movement (1) is not denominational; (2) does not usurp the functions of any missionary agency whatever; (3) does not send out missionaries. While the burden of the Movement has fallen upon many shoulders, the principal officers are the traveling secretary and the corresponding secretary. The former is perhaps the most potent and comes in direct contact with the field. He visits the schools of higher learning, presents the cause of missions, and the claims of the Movement. The corresponding secretary is concerned with cultivating the field thus planted. He corresponds with the bands of volunteers wherever they are located. The organ of the Movement is the *Student Volunteer*, a monthly magazine which has proven an invaluable agency for keeping public its aims, methods and results.

For several years the volunteers assented to this pledge: "I am willing and desirous, God permitting, to become a foreign missionary." Since the form of this pledge was misunderstood by many, it was modified, in 1892, to, "It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary." Moreover it was deemed best to abandon the expression *volunteer pledge* and adopt instead *volunteer declaration*. This declaration cannot properly be construed an iron-clad pledge on the one hand, and on the other it is sufficient to give definiteness to the student's decision under present light. It recognizes the further leadings of the Spirit concerning his life's work,

and at the same time it carries conviction and a desire for special preparation to the student who realizes that the way is opening before him. Let us not belittle the importance of the volunteer declaration. Without it there could be no Movement. It is the earnest desire of all concerned therewith that it be used only under the manifest guidance of the Spirit.

The Movement has achieved important results. In the institutions entered there has been a marked increase of the students who expect to be foreigh missionaries. Perhaps not less remarkable is the interest and zeal in missionary operations. While this is gratifying in denominational institutions, it is especially so in non-denominational, particularly in state universities. Missionary libraries have been established, and regular missionary meetings are held. The effect of students imbued with the missionary spirit is plainly felt upon the home churches and young peoples' societies. There has been a large increase in the contributions of students for missions. Today scores of educational institutions are supporting individual missionaries by this means, which is directly traceable to the movement. In 1894 there were reported 630 volunteers having sailed for foreign fields. The later years are destined to bear more fruit for the Movement than the earlier.

The International Convention held last year in England was one of the most notable missionary meetings of modern times. One thousand delegates were in attendance, representing the most important races and educational centers of the world.

FOREIGN NEWS BUDGET.

MRS. W. J. REID.

Miss McDowell writing from Alexandria says :

Sabbath was a day to make our hearts glad. In the morning twenty-one of the school girls came to the mission and went with us to church, where we were joined by four of the larger girls. They were given seats in the back of the church. On the other side of the house a large number of boys were seated. Soon the front pews were well filled. We were about to commemorate the dying love of our Mastor.

Rev. Finney conducted the services. His fitting words were listened to with deep interest. As he spoke our hearts were drawn toward our loving Master and we breathed a silent prayer that the girls who were present for the first time in God's house, and who harbored thoughts of bitterness in their hearts against even the name of Jesus, would get a glimpse of the beauty of Him who died to save them. Five men and one woman stood up before the congregation and took upon themselves the vows, which admitted them into the fold. Then followed the precious season with our Beloved Master, which brought us into close communion with Him. The native preacher, who has recently come here, and the people seem well pleased with each other. We long for the day when everywhere we can say pastor and people.

One day not long since an old woman came to Sabbath-school with a very heavy heart. She felt that her burdens were heavier than she could bear. She is the only Protestant in the home ; her family and neighbors are all Copts. All day long some of them reproached her for being a Protestant and ful to see the tears roll down her cheeks as she poured forth her tale of sorrow. We comforted her as best we could, hoping she might receive more comfort from the words of Jesus as they were presented that Sabbath afternoon.

The Jewesses are out of school just now preparing for the feast of the Passover, although it is two weeks until the feast; but before that time everything in their houses must be thoroughly cleansed. Cooking pans and dishes which are kept especially for this feast are brought out of their hiding places and cleaned, and rooms are white washed, beside the preparation of food.

We had the pleasnre of a visit from Rev. and Mrs. Plannett, of Dakota, a short time ago. They were delayed in their journey to Palestine by stormy weather. For several days the waters were too boisterous for vessels to put out to sea, and at the same time we had some very heavy showers of rain on shore.

The missionaries at present are all well in Alexandria

Mrs. Margaret Watson gives notes of work in Cairo :

A request was sent from Guzih a short time ago for a female teacher to carry on a girls' school that had been started, but as the woman who commenced it was only beginning to read, she wanted a competent teacher to carry on the school, and she would take lessons and do what she could to help her. So, soon after, Miss Smith and I went to see the school, taking with us Mr. Wosif, one of the Cairo church members. Miss Smith took a bunch of tracts and scripture cards to distribute as opportunity would offer. A good many were disposed of and in some cases gave rise to interesting

conversation. Some of the men to whom the cards were given could not read, but they put them carefully in their pockets and seemed pleased to get them. One nice looking young man, who was sitting at the door of a 'cafe' sipping a glass of wine, was given a tract on temperance which seemed to stir him up somewhat and he was anxious to get proofs from the Bible to show that it was not wrong to drink moderately. As he was crossing the ferry with us we found out that he had been one of our school boys, and thus was not ignorant of the scripture; also that his father had been addicted to drink. We begged him to abstain from touching all strong drinks, knowing that there were many influences in his business surroundings to make him drink frequently and thus increase his love for it. He said he would try to abstain from it, but would not pledge himself.

After a long hot walk from the river we found the little school. The girls were quiet, bright and clean, but as the house was too small to accommodate a teacher with a room to stay in, and as we could not promise them even the smallest help from the mission in this time of retrenchment, no arrangments could be made to supply the school with a teacher.

We are all exceedingly anxious about Mrs. Murch, who is very ill. It was thought best to take her to the hospital that she might be cared for by trained nurses. The doctor advises a consultation as he is not just certain what the disease is; the symptons, however indicate typhoid malaria, and the pain in her head is most intense.

We are glad that Miss Stokes, of New York, who has lately been visiting in Cairo, has kindly undertaken to defray the salary of Dr. Lawrence for a few years, thus leaving the Women's Board free to apply the money it had expected to use to some other good purpose. Miss Stokes has also promised to be at the expense of having 400 little booklets of choice texts printed for distribution in the different stations.

Mrs. White further gives incidents in connection with travelers:

A traveler recently when asked to say a few words to the school children, told them the story of David. No doubt he felt that he was telling them something new, and not aware of the fact that our school-children, taking a Bible lesson every day, have become very familiar with Bible stories, even though they often fail to catch the spiritual lessons. One of the teachers said: "He talked to us as if he thought we were heathen". She probably had feelings akin to those of an American girl to whom I was once talking about her soul, who said: "I'm no heathen if I don't belong to church."

This same traveler said to me: "Are you very proficient in Arabic?" "No sir," I answered unhesitatingly. "Do you know a few words?" he continued, "Yes sir." "If you should get lost in the city do you think you could inquire your way home?" "I think I could" I answered. This conversation led me to the conclusion that he had never attempted to master a foreign language; also that he failed to comprehend that the road between a "few words" and proficiency is a long and tedious distance and beset with many difficulties.

It is rather consoling to those studying Arabic to see that those studying English have trials and tribulations also. Some of their mistakes are quite amusing to us, as no doubt ours are to them. Example blunders: A young man said that the doctor had ordered his patient to take no nourishment except milk and soap (soup). A little girl in school in replying to a question, said confidently, "A young horse is called a gosling," Missionaries do not study the Arabic language many months before they wish that they might have the gift of tongues.

Mrs. Harvey writes of a communion season:

Last Sabbath was communion in the Ezbikuyeh church, Cairo. Six of the girls from the Boarding school professed their faith in Jesus for the first time. The next day or two they all came to Dr. Harvey and said they wished to give something regularly to the church beside their Sabbath-school collections and M. S. money. Four of them promised ten cents a month, one of them seven and a half; one gave fifty cents, and another twenty-five. They would all be called poor girls as far as the riches of this world goes, but in truth they are rich in faith. Their gifts may seem very small to those who give of their abundance, but we feel they have the benefit of the promise, "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Miss Jessie I. Hogg, writing from Asyut, says:

I think that gratitude is the uppermost feeling in our hearts these days. Miss Duncan, whose condition has been causing us such intense anxiety for several weeks, seems now to be steadily recovering. When she was at the critical stage she had to be nursed both night and day for a week or two, and notwithstanding all our efforts she suffered great pain. Her work has been divided among the missionaries, and as their time was already full, the result is many things have to be slighted, if not omitted altogether.

We are also feeling grateful over the good work that is going on among the students in the college as well as among our girls. Fifteen of the girls, and, I hear, about thirty or forty of the college students are asking to be allowed to unite with the church. In both schools many voluntary religious meetings are being held by the pupils, and time and again we get side proofs of the earnestness of the Spirit that is at work amongst them.

Miss Buchanan and my sister go out every Sabbath morning to two villages near Asyut and hold informal meetings. They are enjoying the work very much, and have been seeing some fruit to encourage them. After a talk on the subject of Christian love one of the women, who had a standing quarrel with one of her relatives, went and made friends. On the Sabbath following when my sister visited the village this woman's face was wreathed with smiles as she told the story of how she had conquered her pride by going to her sick friend with whom she had not been on speaking terms for a month or two. She said that she was now visiting her every day, and that they were very happy. I have had some like instances amongst the school girls lately, which have much rejoiced my heart. These little glimpses of sunshine take us through many cloudy days with lighter hearts than we would otherwise have.

Mrs. A. E. Nichol, of Luxor District, writes:

A few days ago, a terrible murder was committed at Koos, the wife of a tax-collector being the victim. Her husband had gone to work, and her mother-in-law, the only other occupant of the house, had gone to the women's prayer-meeting conducted by Mr. Moosa in the church. The wife was busy picking over wheat for the baking when the murderers came upon her. They took her life by stabbing and strangling her, after which the house was searched for money. Her sister coming to see her, entered the door as the robbers passed out. The alarm was at once given and search began. The deed was done about 9 a. m., and that night the four murderers slept in prison. Three were caught in their own houses, the fourth in a neighboring village. One of the number was a

youth of eighteen. All were Moslems. The murdered woman was a grand daughter of Faim Stephanos, of whom much has been written in time past. We have never heard of such a bold wicked deed in these parts.

Some time ago I wrote you about the teacher and many of the boys of the Luxor school going over to the Copts. The new teacher, who proved to be a good one, gave us a day's notice, and suddenly went off to accept a position as postal clerk in the Soudan. This means labor on the Sabbath. Thus are we often disappointed and grieved at many of our bright young men going into government employ, which takes from them the Sabbath.

We have good reports from the girls' schools at Aswan and Koos.

The Catholics have formally opened a girls' school in Kena. Fifty girls are already enrolled. We attempted starting a girls' school there last fall, with a native girl in charge, but without success. It will be more difficult now than ever, with the additional opposition of the Catholics. At its last meeting the Association decided that no one could be spared from the other stations to take charge of the work in this long district, at whose southern end lies the gateway to the Soudan. Will not the work be crippled by Catholics and others entering in? May the Lord of harvest send forth laborers.

Miss Elizabeth Gordon gives news from Jhelum, as follows:

The most important events that have come under my notice during the past month are the Student and General Conference in Lahore, the visit of Dr. W. W. White to the Panjab, and the religious awakening in Rawal Pindi. I have just had the great pleasure of attending the Lahore conference and shaking hands in one evening with forty of our own missionaries, besides missionaries from other fields.

As Dr. White is well known and many have heard him on Prayer and Bible Study, all will understand and believe that his lectures on these subject were intensely interesting and productive of lasting benefit, not only to the classes of native students, both men and women, with which many of the front seats were crowded, but also to the missionaries, old and young, who well filled the college three times a day. Forty years ago such an assembly of Christians in heathen Panjab listening to such lectures could not have been dreamed of. Truly God is showing favor to India.

But what is especially encouraging to our own mission is the great interest taken in Rawal Pindi, a large station which has been in charge of our mission for several years, but which has never had laborers to work it. No one of our missionaries has been located there long at one time, and the missionary in charge has been much discouraged; but now, as though they had been lying under the snows of winter, by means of a new worker, *forty Christians* have been discovered in Pindi who were not known before to have been there; also thirty inquirers among the low caste, besides many very promising cases among the higher classes.

Dr. White was invited to go and hold meetings in Rawal Pindi with those Christians, two of our missionaries going with him to interpret. At the close of the conference a special prayer-meeting was held for a blessing on the meetings to be held in Rawal Pindi, and word has come that the blessing asked was given. In Jhelum we were favored with a short visit from Dr. White on his way to Rawal Pindi. Now we are having Mrs. Phillips (the widow of the great Sabbath-school worker, Dr. Phillips) with us. A Miss Clark is also working in behalf of temperance; and a society of native Christians has been formed in our little congregation. Pray for us that our rising generation may be kept from the destroyer.

Miss Josephine Martin, in camp at Metta, March 12th, 1897, writes:

DEAR READERS OF THE MAGAZINE:

We have been talking among ourselves for a good while about the Lahore Convention, and who were going, and what we were going to enjoy. The Convention has come and gone, and just think of it, thirty-eight of the missionaries were in attendance! Dr. Platter's assistants, Gracie Lytle and Ella Scott, brought the number up to forty-one. The most of our number who were not there were detained on account of sickness. When we talked about how we were going to enjoy the conference, I don't think any of us realized what a rich blessing it was to be to us. There were only four speakers; so we were not troubled with much curiosity as to what the next speaker would be like, and how he would compare with the last one. We expected Dr. White to give us rich treats, and he did not disappoint us. We did not get acquainted with Mr. Eddy at Columbus Convention, for among so many speakers the individuality of the stranger was lost to some extent, but the manner in which he conducted the meetings, and the cheerful, practical Christianity displayed in all he said and did, recommended the joy of the Christian to all. A great many people have an idea that a missionary who has been long in the work becomes exceedingly dry. Dr. Lucas proved the contrary of this. We Americans are prone to think that Englishmen are cold and stiff. Mr. Anderson however showed his earnest warm-heartedness in all that he said.

Dr. White gave us two Bible Studies, one on the Gospel of John, and the other on the Epistle to the Romans, as only Dr. White can. He talked, too, on "Prayer" and the "Holy Spirit." Mr. Eddy seemed always to come in with the right word at the right time on the "Holy Spirit," "Consecration," "What keeps us from God" and other themes. I don't know whether it is right to say that these men said and did so and so. Some one thanked Mr. Eddy one day for his words, and he said, "Don't thank me. If you have been blessed it is from God; you don't need to thank me." I think God, by the power of the Spirit, spoke through these men, and we were all stirred to the depths of our hearts, and we do thank God for the blessings received.

Dr. White visited our mission during the week following the Convention, and what a treat it was

We are anxiously looking forward to our own Convention next fall and we ask the whole United Presbyterian church at home to unite in seeking God's, blessing on us. Without His blessing and help, all is in vain.

A letter from Miss Anderson shows that a missionary lady may sometimes be tried with cares similar to those which take time and attention in the home land:

MY DEAR SISTER:

You ask me to write something for the News Budget. Well, I think it might be news to some people at home just to know how many things go to make up the life of a missionary, and I will tell you what I did yesterday. I arose at five thirty and kept the "morning watch" for forty minutes: looked after the little breakfast, gave out the meals for the day, and dressed the little pat of butter, which was made by shaking a cup of cream in a wide mouthed bottle. Then started out to look after the workmen who had come to do some cleaning and set several men to work mixing cow manure and clay together for plastering for the native houses on the compound. After this some

houses were examined and the places which needed repairing pointed out. Next we turned to our little cook-house and here found the floor to be very much broken. Two men were called and set to work to cement the broken places. Passing through the garden I noticed the trees needed water. The watchman was called and told to bring oxen to turn the wheel in the well that the garden might be refreshed. Soon he came to say that some repairing had to be done and he needed a piece of wood. Could I come out and see if he could cut a certain limb from one of the trees on the compound to supply the need?

We are trying to start a school among the low caste people and I had to go to the city about half a mile away to look up a house. Several places were visited before one could be found suitable both in price and situation.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon being away helping with special services elsewhere, they had left their house cleaning to the native servants. I thought best to drive around to the mission house and see how things were progressing. After giving some help there I came home to find that the men had come to white-wash our house; so I must needs go and look after the general preparation for work the next morning. We ended the day's duties by trying to write letters to the home friends which must be off by tomorrow's mail.

Now all this day's work had very little of real missionary work in it, yet time and strength had to be given to those things before we are comfortably settled after a period of camping. We are still living in tent, but will move into the house just as soon as it is cleaned. We have had our house rented for six weeks to an Englishman, thinking that in this way we could make enough to pay for the white-washing. We do not expect to go out into camp again this season.

Have just been to all our villages where we have Christians. On the whole we are very much pleased with our district. We expect to begin our special meetings on the 19th of March, and our summer Bible school will begin about the first of April. We are thinking of taking up the Life of Christ as our study. I am glad to be once more in the work.

A report of the Women's Missionary Society of Sialkot Presbytery has been given by Miss Ella M. Gordon:

The Women's Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Sialkot, India, met in Rawal Pindi, on Tuesday, March 16th, at 3 o'clock. The president, Miss M. R. Martin, opened the meeting with a Bible reading; subject, "Personal Holiness of Life." This was followed by an interesting paper on the theme, "Retrospective View of Mission Work in India." The Thank-offering service was conducted by Miss Lawrence, who read a paper on the subject. The Thank-offerings were then brought in from the various local societies by the respective delegates, each one reciting a verse of Scripture. The entire amount was rupies 172, annas 11, pice 6, (about $57.) Mariana brought annas 4, pice 4, (about 10 cts.) from her Junior society of heathen children in Sialkot. It was decided to give the Thank-offering this year towards starting an orphanage in Rawal Pindi for the starving children brought from famine districts.

Wednesday morning session was opened by a Bible reading on "Secret Prayer," conducted by Miss Logan. Following this two interesting papers were read, one by Miss E. D. Anderson on "The interest our church at home is taking in her foreign mission work and the efforts she is putting forth to sustain it." The other paper was read by Mrs. Solomon on "The special work our own mission is doing."

The Wednesday afternoon session was opened with Bible reading on subject of "Giving" by Sozi. She spoke of the duty of laying aside the tenth. She had a number of bright colored cloth bags on which the word tenth was written in gilt letters in Urdu. Most of the bags were eagerly taken. After this, good reports were heard from eight societies. Following this were three papers, all instructive and good. Mrs. McConnelee read one on "Christianity the only Common Ground on which All Castes, Races, and Degrees in India Can Meet." Two papers on "Impurity and Intemperance in India," "How to Promote Purity and Temperance." were read by Miss Embleton and Amir Bibi. The banner was awarded to Rawal Pindi. Delegates chosen to the W. G. M. S. Convention of 1897 were Miss C. E. Wilson, principal, and Miss Susie Young, alternate.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Miss E. D. Anderson, of Gurdaspur; Vice Presidents, Grace Midainniddin, of "The Good Samaritan Hospital," Jhelum, and Miss J. L. White, of Pasrur; Eng. Sec., Miss M. A. Lawrence, of Pasrur; Hindustani Sec., Sozi of Zafarwal; Treas., Miss Mary Morgan, of Bhera.

A pleasant meeting was enjoyed. A vote of thanks was given the Pindi people for their kind hospitality. The meeting adjourned with prayer. Our next is to be held in Sialkot.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say;
And now I shall go with the children,
Little Rachel and Samuel and John;
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But shook his head and smiled;
"Now, who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, were well;
Or had they a taint of the leper,
Like many an Israel——."

"Nay do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If He lay his hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master"
Said Peter, "with children like these?

Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto Me!"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid His hands on the brothers
And blest them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven,"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

Selected.

Suggestions for Junior Meetings in July.

Subject—The Church's call to the children. "A little child shall lead them"—Isaiah 11:6. Each Junior to answer the roll call with a verse of scripture on the lesson. Examples, Good children: Luke 2:51; Jno. 19:26-27; Psa. 8:2; Psa. 148:12-13; Mat. 21:15-16; Mark 10:13-16; 1 Sam. 1:24; Deu. 30:2; Prov. 24:21; Ecc. 12:1; Prov. 1:8 9; Exo. 20:12; Heb. 12:9; 1 Sam. 3:19; 2 Tim. 3:15; Prov. 28:7; Col. 3:20; Acts 2:39; Prov. 3:1-4; Eph. 6:2-3; Mat. 18:3. Wicked children: 1 Sam 2:12; Prov. 7:7; Isa. 3:5; 1 Sam 2:25; Prov. 15:5-20; Eze. 22:7; Job 19:18; Deu. 21:21; 2 Kings 2:23 24; Deu. 20:21.

"Story of Samuel" told by a Junior.

Exercise Acrostic—C.O.M.E. T.O. J.E.S.U.S. Place each letter on a separate piece of paper and distribute to the Juniors asking each one to bring a verse or sentence of scripture, commencing with the letter given, to the July meeting. At the meeting call first for the verse of the one having the letter C. Write at the top of the blackboard the first letter separated from the rest of the word by a hyphen – will make it plainer; one having O next, and write immediately below and so on. If possible keep the children from knowing what the acrostic is and they will take greater interest in building the acrostic. This exercise can be varied by using other words.

Recitation; in June MAGAZINE.

Talk by the Leader. The church needs the children, and the children need to be in the church.

At the close distribute leaflets, "Familiar Talks with the children", by E. P. Hammond (The Children's Evangelist). These can be obtained from The Evangelical Pub. Co., 130 Adams St., Chicago; a package containing twenty-four for ten cents.

Dear Leader: Do you realize how great and beautiful is your commission, how wonderful your opportunity? A sainted man of God once said, "I had rather have an half hour with a class of young people than a thousand years in glory." Children are converted just as adults are. The child is father of the man. We love God because He first loved us. The oldest, the wisest, must enter Christ's kingdom as a little child. Promise: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." Warning: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

If possible read "Conversion of Children", by E. P. Hammond. It can be obtained in paper binding for thirty-cents from Funk & Wagnalls, Pub., Co., New York.

How to Organize a "Cradle Roll."

Have you a "Cradle Roll" connected with your Junior Missionary society? If you have not, why not? Why should the very youngest of the flock be debarred from at least being enrolled among the great army of missionary workers, an army that is growing larger every year? Have you thought of the good it may accomplish to the missionary cause to have a Cradle Roll? Persuade the mothers to give you the names of their little ones as members. Give each mother who consents the membership card with her darling's name age, and date of entry written thereon, and that card will become one of the treasures of that home; and although the mother may never have interested herself in missionary work previous to this time, for the sake of her child she will inquire into the object of this Cradle Roll, and when told that it is a branch of the women's work, you will soon find her in the Women's Missionary society. So don't slight the little tots.

Now, the beginning of another year is a good time to add this branch to the Junior society. Let me suggest a few points that may help you in this step. Go to your pastor, and obtain a list of the children in the congregation under five years of age. Having secured some membership cards from the literature secretary of your presbytery, choose some afternoon during June, the month of roses, and plan a reception for the prospective Cradle Roll for that day. On pretty juvenile paper write dainty little invitations, including the mothers, to all the babies of the congregation and also to as many others in the neighborhood as you think you can conveniently entertain. Have the room in which the reception is to be held arranged with large and small rockers. Have a profusion of flowers, and anything else that will make the room look homelike and cheerful. Also have a short program of songs and recitations by the children if possible. Then either in that room or in adjoining one have a lunch table arranged for the little folks. Serve to them milk and some light crackers. It is a good plan to have a small souvenir at each place. Many things will suggest themselves as suitable, and yet not expensive. Have high chairs for the smallest. After the children have been served and have been taken again to the reception room, pass tea and cake to the

mothers as they sit in groups.

Many persons who are not mothers, or whose children have outgrown the babyhood period of life, will be anxious to attend this reception; and in order to defray the expenses connected with it, charge such persons a small admittance fee and keep the amount realized from membership dues for missionary money.

Have a supply of membership cards at this reception, and also a secretary to fill out these cards, enroll members, and receive the membership fee. Hold this reception annually. It is the only meeting this branch of the Juniors can hold.

As the members arrive at the age of five years, erase their names from the Cradle Roll, and transfer them to the active membership of the Junior society.

MRS. C. M. MCLAUGHLIN.

Unity Station, Pa.

India.

Questions and Answers for Missionary Societies and Mission Bands.

PART I.

1. Where is India?

India is a great peninsula, extending from the southern part of the continent of Asia into the Indian ocean.

2. How large is India?

It is about half as large as the United States, not counting Alaska.

3. How do missionaries go to India?

They go in steamships across the Atlantic ocean to England, where they take another vessel which carries them to one of the three seaports of India. Some missionaries cross the continent of Europe by rail and sail from one of the Mediterranean ports to India.

4. How far is India from America?

It is about 10,000 miles from New York to Bombay, or Karrachi, ports on the western coast of India.

5. What is the climate of India?

Tropical.

6. What are the seasons in India?

The hot, rainy and cold.

7. Describe the hot season.

In the Punjab, the hot season begins about the first of March and lasts until about the first of July. At the first of April, it is uncomfortably warm, the thermometer often rising to 120 F. in the shade. The heat is most intense in June when the thermometer sometimes stand at 160° F. in the sun. Foreign residents close their houses early in the day to keep out the heat, and work out doors can be done safely only in the early morning and late in the evening. About the first of April, hot, scorching winds begin to blow. Occasionally there is a dust storm, which is a wind storm carrying with it the dust of the plains, over which it sweeps, sometimes producing total darkness, dangerous to man and beast. This is usually followed by a shower of rain.

8. Describe the rainy season.

The rainy season begins in North India about the first of July and lasts until the middle of September. There are heavy showers almost daily, which are usually succeeded by sunshine and intense, moist heat. Gradually the rivers become flooded, and sometimes much damage is done to property. The plains, which during the hot season were dry and baked, are soon green with vegetation.

9. Describe the cold season.

In North India the cold season lasts from the middle of September until the last of March, December and January being the coldest, with a little frost. In Southern India the temperature is very much the same all the year. Gardens are made and wheat sown in October. Roses are in their prime at Christmas. The nights are cool and sometimes frosty and fires are needed in the houses, but it is always warm in the sun. In December, the oranges are ripe and roses are finest in the gardens then and in March.

10. When is the harvest season in

India?

There are different seasons for different crops, but the principal harvest season is in April. Wheat and barley are then cut.

11. What are the chief products of North India?

Wheat, barley, dal (a kind of lentiles) rice, cotton and sugar cane.

12. What is the population of India?

About 285,000,000, including Burmah.

13. Describe the personal appearance of the natives of India?

The better classes of the people in the North of India are tall, slender and well formed, with straight, black hair; dark eyes, regular features and often have perfect teeth. The color of the skin is brown, ranging from the lighest to black.

14. Describe the dress of the people?

In North India, the men wear a turban, loose shirt, worn outside; loose coat, loose trousers, tight below the knee and low shoes. The women of the Punjab wear loose, baggy trousers, tight at the ankles, a loose shirt over these, and a veil thrown over the head and shoulders. Sometimes a wide skirt is worn instead of the trousers. Jewelry is worn on ears, nose, forehead, neck, arm, wrists, fingers, ankles and toes. The jewelry of the rich is very costly. The ornaments of the poor are of cheap material. The dress of the children resembles that of their parents.

15. Describe the houses of the people.

Rich people live in high, brick houses, often very handsome without, but dark within. The masses of the people live in low mud dwellings with flat roofs without windows and with no light or ventilation except from the door. Most of the houses are built around a court from which a door opens into the street.

16. What is the furniture of an ordinary Indian home?

One or two charpais or bedsteads, one or two vessels for cooking, a knife and spoon; one or two water vessels and a cup for drinking, a stool, a spinning wheel, a few mats, sometimes a stone hand-mill for grinding grain, a primitive lamp, and sometimes a box which is used as a trunk.

17. What may be said of the cities of India?

In some of the cities there are splendid palaces, temples and mosques. There are also fine public buildings erected by the English government. The wealthy classes of the people live in the cities and have well built and well furnished houses. There a few wide streets, but most of them are very narrow and dirty. Parts of the city are always devoted to bazars and markets. The majority of the people live in low, mud houses.

18. Describe a Punjab village.

It is a collection of low mud houses in a field. The houses open into the narrow, dirty lanes of the village, only a few doors breaking the mud wall seen from without. There are a few trees and one or two wells. There is usually an open space where men sit and talk in the evening. Where there are Mohammedans there is always a mosque or Mohammedan worshipping place. Where there are Hindus there is an idol temple or shrine. The low caste people have their mud idols. Farmers do not live in isolated houses, but in these villages, and the fields surrounding the village belong to them. MISS ANNA GIVEN.

Rochester Mills, Pa. (*To be Continued.*)

DEAR FRIENDS:

No doubt you have read Whittier's poem entitled, "Howard at Atlanta," in which he tells of a soldier visiting a colored school. After listening to the children reading the Bible and singing, he asked them, "What shall I tell the peo-

ple in the North about you?" A little black boy answered, "Massa, tell dem we're rising." This same message is true to-day.

These are some of the ways in which, by the blessing of God, they are rising: Last Friday night the primary and intermediate classes of our Sabbath-school, which have been following the Loyal Army plan, met, in accordance with that plan, for the second three months of our Sabbath-school year. Forty-two children received certificates. The first part of the programme consisted of songs, recitations, declamations and dialogues; the latter part of a review of Sabbath lessons for December, January and February. A class of small children recited the Golden Texts. The lessons were taken up in order and recited in a manner that showed that these children have been growing in that knowledge which is "able to make wise unto Salvation." Bible Songs Nos. 2, 14 and 17 specials were sung. The large and attentive audience said by their manner, "It was good to be there."

Another way in which they were rising is in the school-work. Could one see some of the poorly-clad, half-fed children on their way to school, some of the cold mornings during the winter months, he would be certain that they have at least some of the qualities which count in developing manhood and womenhood. At our mission stations we are doubly thankful for spring with its relieving warmth.

In our Junior society they are rising. We have one hundred and forty-seven members, all of whom are willing to take part. The smaller ones recite verses. Those from ten to fifteen years of age recite verses, lead in prayer and make remarks on the subject. They always write out their remarks. One girl twelve years old wrote, when our subject was "Peacemakers":

"A peacemaker is a person that don't carry tales they hear in other people's houses, and don't make tales to raise disturbances, but instead is always peaceful, always minding their own business, and walk through the world with a perfect heart."

There are many other ways in which they are improving.

"Not at a single bound,
But round on round,
Upward they are climbing.
Striving for something higher,
Striving to win the heart's desire,
Upward they are climbing."

CLARA E. HAZEN.

Thyne Institute, Chase City, Va.

EDITORIAL.

The Annual Meeting.

All in the bright May morning mothers and sisters from "New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio" were boarding the trains at their respective stations, bound for Chicago, as "All roads lead to Rome." Here Dr. and Mrs. Meloy and other friends gave hearty and appreciated welcome, and God-speed on the way, and an already answered prayer for a blessing on the meeting.

After leaving Chicago our faces were turned to the great Hawk-eye state, with its mercantile thrift, and agricultural riches; its kindly independence, noble hospitality and sturdy patriotism. "Safely guarded," we were brought to beautiful Des Moines, "a city set on a hill," and were met by Rev. Mr. McConnell of our First Church there, who, with Rev. Mr. Patterson of the Second Church, and several of their elders, took the ladies for a charming ride on the trolleys, and to visit the capitol, which is "beautiful for situation" and commands a fine view Within, the rich and varied collection o

marbles is unsurpassed in America, with perhaps one exception—the new congressional library at Washington. Iowa has always been very patriotic, a fact attested by the many battle-scarred flags and the pictures of great war statesmen. This grand building was erected without one cent of debt, and without a taint of corruption.

At the new First Church, complete in comfort and beauty, a reception had been arranged, the visitors being feelingly welcomed by the pastor's wife and appropriate responses given by members of the Women's Board. After luncheon toasts were given and each one "dusted away his bells" to the music of the hour, the keynote being missions. It would do our church good to see her work as carried on in her two congregations of Des Moines. Here resides Mrs. Ellen Gowdy, survivor of Rev. G. W. Gowdy, who, with other ladies of the city, bestowed much kindness on the delegates.

Leaving Des Moines, after a short and pleasant ride through green fields, lovely Indianola was reached—a town to which we had often thought a visit would be agreeable, and the event proved it so. At the fine, commodious church, the reception committee, consisting of Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Dowell and Mrs. Park (these by name, but in fact the congregation and the whole town for that matter assisted), handled the large delegation, which by this time had been greatly increased from all over the West, as if "to the manor born," and soon all were experiencing the comforts of sweet Christian homes.

The arrangements for the meeting were very complete. In addition to the beautiful bank of flowers from Indianola homes, and wild blossoms, a great vase of sweet white lilies ("consider the lilies how they grow") was the gift of a florist of Des Moines who is a member of our church there. After the meeting they were given to the wife of Rev. W. P. White, pastor of the Indianola congregation, who, through the effects of a severe attack of la grippe, was unable to be at the meeting and assist her husband in his efficient service.

A charming drive was planned and executed by Miss Belle Hastie and others, and a visit to Simpson college, of the M. E. Church, was a source of profit and pleasure. The M. E. church being larger, was kindly thrown open for the evening session, and was filled to the dome. A large choir, drawn from all the churches of the town, and led by Mr. Park of our church, furnished appropriate music. The badges, of different colors, secured by a pin adorned with the Indianola church in miniature, were graceful souvenirs of the happy occasion. Wholesome and appetizing bills of fare were kindly served in the spacious church dining rooms.

The Christian fellowship of the meeting was delightful and suggests the time when "many shall come from the East and the West, from the North and the South and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." The executive ability, physical endurance and Christian sweetness shown by the officers was a joy to witness, and the papers, conferences and exercises were excellent. The amount of money handled by the Women's Board during the past year (more than $60,000), and the Thank-offering of $17.000, were things to be thankful for. Quite a number of little tots, both in Des Moines and Indianola, joined the procession and lent sweetness and grace to the occasion. Four lady missionaries from the foreign field were presented and added interest to the meeting, and the memory of dear Miss McKown, both in Egypt and in the Home for the Aged was affectionately held. The attractive little pages

were very useful. Much kindness was shown the MAGAZINE from all departments of the work. Christian education was well represented by Monmouth and Tarkio, and friends from other institutions.

Gently did the Shepherd of Israel lead in green pastures and by still waters; greatly did "the Father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning" care for His work and workers; and graciously did the Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, lead with truth; and to the Three—one God, be honour and majesty, dominion and power both now and forever, Amen.

* *

Our fourteenth annual meeting will be remembered for its encouraging reports, as presented by secretaries of every department of work under care of the Women's Board of our church. As each secretary presented her report of the past year, and plan for increased work for the coming year, the impression came alike to every earnest heart, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." When the report of home field was followed by the fact conference, the emotion of every heart was to respond to the great field before us, and very deeply did we feel the responsibility we have as a church in our part of this work. The work in our Indian mission in the North-west was never so well understood by many. If we have assumed that part entire, it is most necessary that intelligent acquaintance be made of the field. If we retain the impressions of that hour with our representative, Mrs. Jeanette Alter, we can not do otherwise than provide better things next year for this mission.

Our work in the homeland, under whatever department known, suffers more from lack of funds than from intelligence of its needs. We are near to each other in our work, and whether it be in far North-west, in our crowded cities, or in the South-land, we can, through our representatives some time during the year, convey to one another the needs of funds and sympathy; but hardly so in our fields of labor we are wont to call foreign.

To realize what a nation is without Christ can not be conveyed to our senses by any messenger; hence the report of our foreign secretary was deeply impressed upon us by what followed. In that hour with our missionaries no partiality ever has been shown—none ever will, and yet for sake of humanity will not that solemn hour be made a part of our being so long as we can remember?

There is a saying, you can get what you want out of life. Some may doubt that, but if the prayers offered during the session of this fourteenth annual meeting be not answered, certainly there is a responsibility with those who were privileged to sit in this convention. The Holy Spirit was manifest in power during this session, enabling us to obtain wonderful impressions for another year's work. It remains for the entire membership of our church as individuals to sustain the work as planned for another year. Not by might, nor by our ability, but by the power of the Holy Spirit will this work continue to advance for Christ and his Kingdom.

MRS. GEORGE MOORE.

* *

CONVENTION NOTES.

Our president expressed a beautiful thought in her address, when she likened the service we render for Christ to the golden vessels of the temple. All, even the nails, were of pure gold, symbols of the kind of service God requires at our hands.

In the West we learn the true meaning of the word "hospitality." Everywhere were evidences of thoughtful, loving solicitude for the welfare of those attending the convention.

The ladies of the church had brought flowers from their own homes, and arranged them in the alcove back of the platform, displaying such taste as a professional florist might envy, beautiful lilac blossoms and field daisies peeping out here and there, in perfect harmony with the growing plants, while lovely pink and white crab-apple blossoms were banked on either side.

Mrs. Reid, the foreign mission secretary, departed from her usual custom

when she asked the audience for a collection, but when it was known to be for the famine orphans of India, more than seventy-five dollars were quickly raised.

We were glad our Thank-offering secretary protested against holding our annual "Ingathering Service" on the Sabbath. The president of United States sets apart one week day of the year in which to render thanks to God; cannot the women of our church do as much?

The conference on home missions was especially helpful and inspiring. One lady said the thought had come to her that we might attend the sessions of the next convention with uncovered heads, wearing our old bonnets only on the cars, and give the price of our spring bonnet to missions. Then the thought came to *us*, perhaps we would be able to give our undivded attention to the business of the convention, if there were no nodding plumes, artificial flowers, or fluttering ribbons to captivate our senses.

Our hearts were gladdened with the sight of so many wearing the "tiny bow of white ribbon," silent declaration of temperance principles. Surely many hearts throbbed in sympathy when Mrs. Alter announced that her companion on the platform, dressed in Indian costume, with tomahawk upraised, represented the Indian women's warfare against intemperance.

We were pleased to see so many of the brethren on the outskirts of the convention caring for the babies, while the mothers sat in front enjoying the services.

When the Junior secretary hinted that all the babies present might be enrolled as "Little Light Bearers," it was a signal for the men to take part in the convention. It was refreshing to hear the babies' names rapidly announced, as the twenty-five cent pieces went whirling toward the platform. We had to smile as the gentleman at the reporters' table held a quarter in his hand, trying vainly, to think of some baby who had not been enrolled. Finally a good sister came to his relief, and he smiled contentedly as he heard the name announced by the secretary.

The Literature secretary steps "boldly to the front" with the request that the Literature department be given the *first place* in our hearts the coming year. She said, "We hear such echoes, as 'pay up', 'train up'; 'look up', 'lift up', etc., all through the year, and she desired to add, 'read up', for, after love of Christ, first of all, information is what we want; that begets the love of the work, and if we love the work we shall find it easy to do, and give for it."

A sweet spirit of love and harmony prevailed during the convention, in answer, we believe, to earnest prayer for the presence of the Holy Spirit.

LAURA PAULL.

Jamestown, Ohio.

* *

Among the pleasant events of our spirited convention just closing was the enrolling of the little ones under six years of age, who had been in attendance at the convention as members of the Little Light Bearers. The announcing of names was quite animated for a time, as everybody seemed to want her baby's name enrolled first. Over fifty names were secured, with twenty-five cents membership fee from each one. This money will go to the support of the helpless little babe in the Orphan's Home, taken when it was seven weeks old.

One of the largest audiences gathered during the convention, was the one to hear the exercise by the young girls' division of the Junior missionary society, entitled "The Plea of Nations". Africa, Japan, China, India, Russia and other nations were represented in costumes pleading for the gospel. The young ladies performed their parts well.

The quiet and graceful manner in which the president presided over the deliberations of the convention had a tendency to soothe all ruffled feelings and calm down any excited ones.

MRS. N. WYLIE STEVENSON.

* *

It was a matter of regret that the 1st vice president, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, of Erie, Pa., could not be with us. We were sorry to miss her genial presence, and trust her illness may be of short duration.

Mrs. T. H. McMichael, 2nd vice president, who assumed the duties of the position thus left vacant, magnified her

office. During the session she ably assisted the president and rendered valuable service with the singing. The next meeting of the W. G. M. S. is to be held in the First United Presbyterian church, of Cleveland, O., of which her husband, Rev. T. H. McMichael, is pastor.

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In her helpful talk on the work among the Indians, Mrs. Alter said they were fond of pictures, and some of those in their possession were very harmful, which she replaced with good ones. She suggests that sweet, pure pictures sent to them would be real mission work. Pretty little pictures of all kinds are so plentiful now that we think many out of their abundance might supply the need of our red brethern. We do not want to see the Indians exterminated—we want them to become noble Christian citizens. Send pictures to Mrs. Sallie McCorkle, Warm Springs Agency, Oregon.

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THE MINUTES.

After much friendly conference and discussion it was decided that the Women's Board print the Minutes, and that presbyterial societies be asked to make appropriation from their contingent fund for meeting the expense, these appropriations to vary according to the size of the society from three dollars and upwards, each society thus contributing is to get "value received" in Minutes, which it can dispose of at its own discretion.

A private letter from Rawal Pindi, says:

"Mr. McConnellee and Miss White arrived with their little starved children. Some of the poor little things do not seem to have one bit of flesh. Four of them are about four years old. One of them goes by the name of "Starving Jimmie", because he was so nearly dead of starvation. They found him deserted on the street. Another is called "Cactus Bob". His story is a pitiful one. He was found in a cactus bush, with one arm, one leg, his necked twisted and his poor little body full of the large cactus thorns. His mother had tried to kill him, then threw him aside where she thought he would not be found. One of Dr. Caldwell's servants heard a weak little wail, and after hunting around found the little fellow. He is about four or five years old, but oh, so poor. I don't believe he would weigh 18 lbs. He has been pretty sick since he came up here, but seems better and we hope he that may live. Dr. Caldwell attended his neck and limbs so that they are straight now.

"Dr. C. belongs to the Presbyterian mission. He is in the famine district and is doing very much to relieve the suffering. Our folks were with them most of the time while down country, which made it very much more pleasant for them.

"Another little fellow we have is a most wretched looking object. He has had a disease which is very apt to follow starvation and is very fatal. His little face is all swollen up and his mouth black on the inside, and when it is swabbed out little pieces of his flesh fall off and the blood keeps dropping all the time. Alogether his case is a most disagreeable one. He is a patient little fellow too. I really think he has not strength enough to cry very much. We think he is some better to-day.

"Several of the children have been and are sick. One has tonsilitis; another pneumonia. A good many have very sore eyes too. All better this morning. Miss White and Miss Fulton take most of the care of the children, and I assure you it is hard work. Miss Fulton rolled up her sleeves and gave all the girls a thorough scrubbing. The dirt was awful. They only succeeded in getting 41 children, as the ones just in from the villages are not strong enough to come so far, and they were having a little harvest and those who were able were working at that. Then, as I wrote last week, it is hard to get them from the Government.

"Miss Anderson's baby only weighs two lbs. I wrote last week about her bringing one up. Mr. McConnellee called on the Bishop of Lucknow while in Allahabad and was rewarded by having Rs. 250 given him for the children."

Missionary Society Program for July.

Subject.—The church's challenge to her young people.

Scripture Lesson.—Joel, 2:28-29. Acts, 21:8-9. 1st Corinthians, 12:4-31. Praise and Prayer.

"Today new methods must be devised to meet new needs. Nothing is newer than the church's challenge to the young. Nothing has in it more potency of life. She knows the power latent in her young people, and calls upon them to solve her present problems. She is not content with committing to them the general obligations of church membership; but find duties and devises appliances especially adapted to them. With these in her hands she approaches the young people and calls them to great endeavors."—*Selected.*

The following topics drawn from the general subject may be discussed in short papers or talks:

First, The church challenges her young people to protect and defend her good name.

Second, The church challenges her young people to render loyal and hearty obedience to her authority.

Third, The church challenges her young people to supply her with active, earnest workers; willing to devote both time and money to her service.

Fourth, The church challenges her young people to seek out the indifferent, and having drawn them into their company, to keep all clasping hands firmly and warmly.

Fifth, The church challenges her young people to work and pray with earnest and unwavering faith for the suc-

cess of her mission.

Suggestions.—Mutual profit may result from a union meeting of Senior and Junior missionary societies, the young people taking part in the discussion of the subject. MRS. R. S. FINLEY.

Mrs. I. C. Rankin.

A tribute of love from the L. M. S. of the United Presbyterian church of Clarinda, Ia., in memory of our beloved President, Mrs. I. C. Rankin, who was called to her rest Sept. 26, 1896.

We mourn that so pure a life has gone from our midst; that the sweet voiced singer is hushed and that we shall see her face no more; but rejoice that we have her noble influence, worthy example and beautiful Christian character to inspire us to ever reach out to the Saviour she so loved and served. "To know her was to love her, to name her was to praise." Though young in years God took her as one too fair and frail for this world.

We mingle our tears in deepest sympathy with the bereaved husband, children, mother and father and other friends and commend them to that Jesus who wept over the grave of a loved friend.

MRS. IRWIN,
MISS ALICE BLAIR,
MISS MARY HITCHCOCK. } Com.

Mrs. Samuel Johnson.

A tribute of love from the Women's Missionary society of the United Presbyterian church of Wichita, Kan., to the memory of Mrs. Johnson, who was called home Jan. 25th, 1897 while about her daily work.

A long life of service for the Master, was sweetly closed, and "resting" time came for our dear sister in the early morning of Jan. 25th. Her whole life was spent in His service. Her highest pleasure was in doing good, and in ministering to others. The law of kindness was in her heart. When the Master came and called for her, she joyfully answered, "Lord, I am ready," and sweetly breathed her life away to Him who gave it.

In the sudden death of our sister we have been sorely bereaved, and our hearts made sad indeed, but "our loss is her gain."

Resolved 1, That while we bow in humble submission to the divine will, we recognize in this mysterious providence a call to us for greater consecration of heart, greater earnestness and zeal in Master's work, and a more perfect readiness for that hour which cometh as a thief in the night.

Resolved 2, That in the death of Mrs. Johnson, the church, Sabbath-school and society have lost a faithful member.

Resolved 3, That we extend our warmest sympathies to the bereaved husband and daughter and commend them to Him, who has said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

Resolved 4, That this memorial shall be recorded in the minutes of the missionary society, published in the Missionary MAGAZINE, and a copy presented to the family.

MRS. M. BELL,
MRS. SUSAN PRICE,
MRS. ANNA FRIEND. } Com.

Mrs. Nancy Conway.

The Women's Missionary Society of Washington, O., desire to offer this tribute of respect to the memory of Mrs. Nancy Conway, nee Gordon, who departed this life Mar. 19, 1897.

For 44 years she had been a faithful and consistent member of the Washington U. P. church and was one of the charter members of our W. M. S. Although failing health prevented her attendance at our meetings, she always remembered her contribution, ever ready to give to the Lord's cause.

We tender our sincere sympathy to those to whom she was nearest—the aged husband with whom she walked for nearly half a century, the sons and daughters, and commend them all to Him, who has said, "I will never leave you comfortless.

L. ELNORA MCMUNN,
CORA S. COWDEN. } Com.

Mrs. Rebecca A. Wherry Morton.

A tribute of affection from the Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church, Guernsey, Iowa, in memory of Mrs. Rebecca A. Wherry Morton, who departed this life March 29.

It hath pleased our Heavenly Father to call from our midst our beloved sister and co-laborer in the Master's work, who by her tender sympathy and loving-kindness had won the love and esteem of all who knew her.

Resolved, That we desire to acknowledge our sorrow as a church, a Sabbath-school, a society, and as individual members, feeling that in her death we lose a faithful, willing and efficient worker, and a loving. sympathetic friend. When our summons comes may we be able to say like her, "I am not afraid."

Resolved, That we hereby express our sincere sympathy for those to whom she was nearest and dearest, and especially to the husband and children, and we also commend them to Him who hath promised, "I will not leave you comfortless. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue in my love."

Resolved, That we bow in submission to him who doeth all things well, and recognize a call to greater earnestness in our Divine Master's cause, and that we heed the warning, "Be ye also ready."

MRS. JANE BELL,
MRS. E. F. FICHT,
MRS. J. P. WHERRY. } Com.

Mrs. Eva McCrea.

Action of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian congregation of Aledo, Ill., on the death of Mrs. Eva McCrea.

WHEREAS, our Heavenly Father has in his infinite wisdom visited our society and taken to himself one of our most beloved and honored members.

Resolved, 1—That we deeply feel our loss, but humbly bow to His will who doeth all things well.

2—That we bear our testimony to her consistent, Christian character and unwavering faith in the Master during long years of suffering; also to her liberal missionary spirit, and readiness to do her part as a faithful member of this society.

3—That we extend to her bereaved husband our earnest sympathy and commend him to the care and guidance of Him who is the God of all comfort and who has promised "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Dr. D. R. Johnston.

Resolutions of respect to the memory of Dr. D. R. Johnston by the W. M. S. of Aledo, Ill.

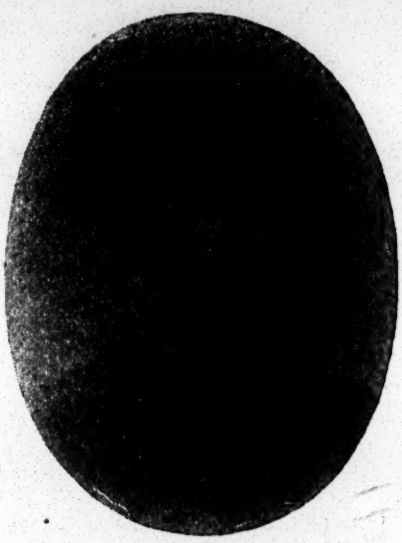
WHEREAS, God has been pleased to remove by death Dr. D. R. Johnston, an honorary member of this society,

Resolved, 1—That while we mourn the loss of one so efficient in the Master's service, yet we rejoice in his infinite gain.

2—That we show our appreciation of his labors and example by striving to profit by his earnestness and diligence in the mission cause.

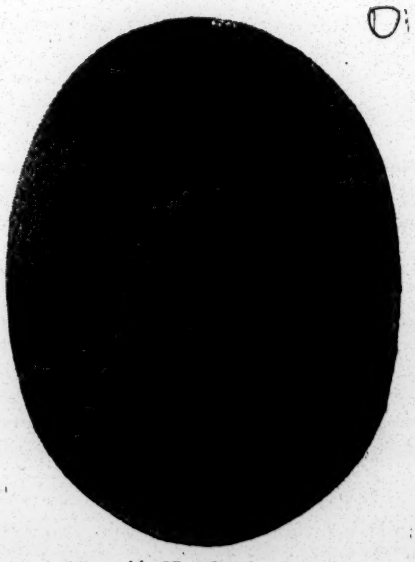
3—That while our hearts go out in tender sympathy to the bereaved wife and son, yet we would commend them to the care of a covenant-keeping God.

MRS. ZILLAH B. STORY,
MRS. ELIZABETH PYLES,
MISS LINDA CARNEHAN. } Com.



MRS. J. G. KENNEDY, President.

MRS. J. C. WILSON,
1st Vice President.



MRS. T. H. MCMICHAEL,
2nd Vice President.

Officers of the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of W. G. M. S.